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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 11.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, APRIL 15, 1885.

NO. 15.

We are Ready

Never before in the history of our house have we opened the Spring business with such an immense stock of grand bargains in Men's and Boys' Clothing and Fixings and Piece Goods, as we are now exhibiting on our counters. We cannot particularize, for the bargains run through each and every department. We merely suggest what we have prepared, and ask the people to bear our house in mind when ready to buy.

DEPPEN'S CLOTHING HOUSE,

Cor. of Fourth and Market Sts., Louisville.

Strictly One Price. No Deviations.

THREE LESSONS.

The three lessons I would write, are three as with a golden pen, in tracings of eternal light, Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope! Though clouds environ round, And darkness hides her face in scorn, Put thou the shadow from thy brow, No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! Where'er thy bark is driven, The calm'st of seas, the tempest's mirth, Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven, The inhabitants of earth!

Have Love! Not love alone for one, But man as man thy brother call; And scatter, like the circling sun, Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these words upon thy soul, Hope, Faith and Love: and thou shalt find Strength when life's sorrows maddest roll, Light, when thou else wert blind!

—Schiller

How to Save Your Boy.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

The land is overrun with tramps and criminals. Idleness and crime are on the increase. It is time to look these evils in the face and ascertain their origin and the social conditions which promote their growth.

In pursuing this investigation it is of the highest importance to find out the most potent factors of vagrancy and crime. Fortunately, this is no very difficult task. The statistics furnished by some of our best and oldest prisons throw a flood of light upon the question. The report of the warden of the Western Pennsylvania penitentiary may be accepted as a reliable statement of facts, and it is an easy matter, after reading it, to draw the proper inferences.

According to the report referred to, of the 574 prisoners received last year, 477 were learned any trade, business or profession, 20 learned a trade, and 27 did some occasional work without having a regular calling. Of this number, 499 could read and write, and 75 could not; 357 were total abstainers or moderate drinkers; 191 were occasionally intoxicated, and 46 come under the head of intemperate.

It will be seen from these figures that sobriety did not save these men, as 63 per cent. of them were temperate. Education did not save them, as 87 per cent. had an ordinary English education. But 85 per cent. had no trade, and when that fact is stated no further explanation is required. It is utterly useless to expect a temperate and fairly educated youth to make his way in the world unless he is taught some useful calling. If he starts out in the world wholly unprepared to earn an honest living, sobriety and education will not prevent him from becoming a tramp or a criminal. He must inevitably take his stand among those classes unless he inherits wealth or some wonderful good fortune befalls him.

It is well to brush away the generally received idea that ignorance and intemperance fill our prisons. The statistics which we have quoted from a State with a white population are matched by similar facts and figures from the prisons of England and France. Everywhere it will be found that idleness and the lack of industrial training are the main features of crime. The lesson to be learned from this brief summary should be kept before the mind of every parent.

The only way to assure a boy's future is to give him, in addition to the proper moral and literary training, a useful trade, business or profession, by which he may make himself self-supporting. Some intelligence is required to understand this proposition. The father who sends his boy to a medical college, or a law school, or places him in a store as a clerk, sometimes acts unwisely. There is danger of overcrowding certain occupations. The requirements of the country and the age must be considered. Here in the South, if we are not greatly mistaken, industrial education is what is most needed for some time to come. The boys of this generation should be prepared to build railroads, bridges, houses, factories, and taught how to farm scientifically, and how to use their hands profitably in a thousand other occupations. If we desire material progress we must get ready for it.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 4, 1885.

The new administration has been at the helm for one month, and Republicans profess to be surprised and are perhaps a little disappointed that the rebel flag has not been mailed to the mast-head. To describe the state of the average Democratic mind just now would be difficult. Certain prominent Democrats here are astonished and chagrined at the appointment of Mr. Pearson, a Republican, to be Postmaster of New York City. Other Democrats, as prominent, consider the appointment wise and politic and urge that it will win the administration more friends than it will estrange. Many consider the appointment a concession to the Independents and Republicans who voted for President Cleveland in the belief that his appointments would be guided by the highest regard for the good of the public service.

Mr. Pearson has never been a politician. During the canvass he was not prominent as a Democrat or Republican or Independent. He simply attended to his business as Postmaster and kept the employees of the office at their work on election day, in the intense disgust of the Republican managers.

A great fuss has been made because the Department of the Interior was closed on the day of the funeral of Secretary Thompson, who was a Cabinet Officer during Buchanan's administration, but was afterwards identified with the secession movement. To close the Departments on the death of a Cabinet Officer or ex-Cabinet Officer, is a custom that would be more honored in the breach than in the observance, for it has no more solemnizing or edifying influence than to give hundreds of clerks opportunity for a picnic or a spree. There are ten thousand clerks in Washington to-day that are joyously reckoning on the holiday that General Grant's funeral will bring them, planning excursions, and preparing to celebrate the event with all the good cheer, but none of the hubbubousness of an Irish wake.

Mr. Lamar saw fit to follow a bad custom, and that Mr. Thompson had been identified with the secession movement did not appear to weigh more with him than did the untimeliness of Moody and Longstreet with General Grant; or of Mahone, when taken to the bosom of the Republican Senate; or of ex-Postmaster General Key, who was appointed by Hayes to a Cabinet position notwithstanding the fact that he had been arrayed in arms and had led a brigade against the Union. The flag of the Post Office Department will one day be at half mast, and the clerks will have a holiday on the occasion of the death of P. M. General Key. Eventually, Schurz and other presidency stealers will be likewise honored, still the fault of the theft of the presidency in 1876 and '77 will not be condoned.

President Cleveland is in excellent health, and may be seen every afternoon in a carriage, usually with his Secretary, Col. Lanouet. He is already acquainted with the many beautiful drives about Washington. He still uses the horses and carriage loaned him by ex-President Arthur, but a pair of horses has been purchased for him by a friend in New York. It has been announced that the President will hold his first public reception during this month.

It is believed the Capital will not be deserted during the summer as has been the case for the last sixteen years, but that the President and Cabinet will spend their time here. Washington has grown to be the pleasantest of summer resorts. The broad streets and avenues are now well shaded. Parks and fountains are found on every few squares. To the South of the White House are a system of artificial lakes. The improvement of the Potomac swamps, though yet incomplete, has done much to eradicate malaria. Those who have seen Washington only in the winter know little of the attractions of the Capital of the United States.

What Will Surely do it.

One's hair begins to fall out from many causes. The important question is: What is sure to make it grow again? According to the testimony of thousands, Parker's Hair Balm will do it. It quickly covers bald spots, restores the original color when the hair is gray or faded, eradicates dandruff, and causes the scalp to feel cool and well. It is not a dye, not greasy, highly perfumed, safe. Never disappoints those who require a nice, reliable dressing.

—W. H. J. HILLARD, Dentist, Bordentown, N. J.

A young man is made better by a sister's love and Fever and Ague are cured by Wilder's Chill Tonic, also malaria.

Chimes and How They are rung.

(Bell-Ringer.)

Bells may be rung in two ways; first, by swinging them with rope and wheel; and secondly, by striking them either upon the outside or inside with hammers, the bell itself being stationary.

In England the former method of rope and wheel was almost universally adopted, requiring a man for each bell. From this method we get that interesting and peculiarly English kind of chime music known as the "changes," which gave England the name of the Ringing Island. In Belgium, however, the stationary method was used.

Chimes played in this manner were rung by one person and called carillons, because the Italian quadriglo, or quadrille, "a dreary kind of dance music," was the first ever played upon them.

To play upon carillons the performers used an instrument known as the "clavichord," a kind of rough keyboard arranged in semi-tones. Each key was connected by wire or rope with a hammer, which struck the bell when a sharp blow was given the key with a gloved fist. This machine was necessarily extremely crude at first; and since chimes have never been played half so well as in the days of this invention, it is all the greater wonder that the art ever progressed at all.

Recently some great masterpieces in chime music have been found, in some composed and played at Louvain in the latter half of the last century by the most skillful and wonderful chimer who ever lived, Matthias van den Gheyn. No one in Europe or America can now be found who is able to play this music, which rivals in the depth and subtlety of its composition some of the finest works of Bach, Mozart or Beethoven. Hence the inference is that the art of playing carillons has sadly declined, with small prospect of ever recovering the lost ground.

"Acted Like a Charm."

This is what Mrs. Mayer, of Baronne street, New Orleans, says of Brown's Iron Bitters. "A charm" works quietly, surely, promptly, thoroughly and with delightful effect. That is just the way this wonderful family medicine works on invalids who have been suffering the woes of liver complaint, dyspepsia and impoverished blood. Those who know its worth say it is a complete cure for dyspepsia, weakness, malaria, neuralgia, etc.

Hurtful Reading.

(Weekly Gazette.)

A bad book, magazine, or newspaper is as dangerous to your child as a vicious companion, and will as surely corrupt his morals and lead him away from the path of safety. Every parent should set this thought clearly before his mind and ponder it well. Look to what your children read, and especially to the kind of papers that get into their hands, for there are now published scores of weekly papers, with attractive and sensuous illustrations, that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to a healthy body. Many of these papers have attained a wide circulation, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Trenching on the borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination, and allure the weak and unguarded minds of the path of innocence. The dangers to young persons from this cause were never so great as at this time, and every father and mother should be on their guard against an enemy that is sure to meet their child. Look to it, then, that your children are kept as free as possible from this taint. Never bring into your house a paper or periodical that is not strictly pure. See to it that an abundance of the purest and healthiest reading is placed before your children. Hungry lambs will eat poison, but if well fed on good food, they let the poison alone. If you wish to save your own children and the children of others, do all you can to sustain and circulate healthy, moral literature.

VALDOGSTA, GA., June 28, 1883.

DR. J. BRADFIELD: Dear Sir—I have, as you know, been selling your Female Regulator for years, and I have had a steadily increasing demand for it, and it gives the very best satisfaction. I frequently sell it to physicians who use it in their practice with satisfactory results. Yours truly,

R. THOMAS, M. D. and Druggist.

Treatise on the Health and Happiness of Woman mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Box 28, Atlanta, Ga.

For sale by Griffin & Bro., Hartford.

A Terrible Duel at Midnight.

(Field of Honor.)

James Jackson, of Georgia, who had been and afterward was a United States Senator, was the challenger party. He was an Englishman by birth. He killed Lieutenant Governor Wells, of Georgia, in a duel, and he finally determined to accept a challenge on such terms as would make it his last duel.

So, upon his next challenge, which was from Colonel R. Watkins, also from Georgia, he prescribed as the terms that each party, armed with a double-barreled gun loaded with buck-shot and with a hunting knife should row him-self in a skiff to designated points on opposite sides of the Savannah river.

When the city clock struck 12 each should row his skiff to a small island in the middle of the river, which was wooded and covered with underbrush.

On arriving at the island each was to moor his skiff, stand about for ten minutes, and then go about the island until the meeting took place.

The second waited on the mainland until after 1 o'clock, when they heard three gun-shots and loud and angry cries, but it was still still. At daylight, as had been agreed on, the seconds went to the island, and found Jackson lying on the ground insensible from the loss of blood, and his antagonist lying across him dead. Jackson recovered, but would never relate his experience on the island, nor was he ever challenged again. He died in Washington City, while serving his second term as Senator, March 19, 1866.

Rest Awhile.

(Dr. T. Taylor.)

You are wearing out the vital forces faster than there is any need, and in this way subtracting years from the sum total of your life. This rush and worry, day after day, this restless anxiety for something you have not got, is like pebblestones in machinery; they grate and grind the life out of you.

You have a great load of useless care; dump it! Pull the strings, compact your business; take time for thought of better things. Go out into the air and let God's sun shine down upon your busy head. Stop thinking of business and profit; stop grumbling at adverse providences. You will probably never see much better time in this doomed world, and your most opportune season is now; your happiest day is to-day. Calmly do your duty and let God take care of his own world. He is still alive and is the King. Do not imagine that things will go to everlasting smash when you disappear from this mortal stage. Do not fancy that the curse of heaven, in the shape of the vain tasks of righting up a dis-jointed life, is imposed upon you. Cease to fret and fume; cease to jump and worry early and late. The good time is coming, but you can never bring it. God can and will. Take breath, sir; sit down and rest, and take a long breath. Then go calmly to the tasks of life and do your work well.

A Week for the Common School.

(Farm and Fireside.)

Who of us do not look back over his early school days with regret for the hours spent in memorizing rules of grammar and arithmetic and dry details of geography and history, only to be forgotten long before the time came for their use, while knowledge that would have been of daily service, and therefore could not have been forgotten, was allowed to lie neglected?

Why should we not teach our children the names and habits of birds, insects and flowers, things which they see in their daily playing, and which they will soon recognize as assistants or competitors in the struggle for existence, rather than burden them with names of distant and obscure places, dates of long past events, or abstract rules of grammar and mathematics which they cannot now comprehend, and which they will be compelled to relearn when they come to the age at which they can use them?

These are hints, only, at the possibilities of the common school. They are offered by one who sorely realizes the loss suffered in his childhood, by the failure of teachers to comprehend that through the medium of natural history lay the opportunity for the most valuable training in habits of observation and reflection—just those habits most needed by the citizen—as well as for the accumulation of a store of knowledge as would have been of greatest service in the life-work of his maturer years.

It is very true that there are as yet but few teachers who have any qualification for this peculiar work; but it lies with the agricultural and the very few agrarian colleges which have shaken off the educational superstitions inherited from the dark ages, to see that the work of preparing such teachers be no longer neglected.

Chronic Catarrh.

I have suffered for years from Chronic Catarrh. Six weeks ago I was induced to try Ely's Cream Balm. Relief was instantaneous, and continued use has resulted in an almost complete cure—S. M. GREEN, Book-keeper, Steamboat Co., Catskill, N. Y.

A Wisconsin farmer claims to have found a sure cure for potato bugs. His plan is to plant one or two flax seeds in each hill of potatoes. He says that the bugs will shun it every time, and for ten years he has thus been successful in growing potatoes while others have failed.

"Fine birds make fine feathers," and Wilder's Sarsaparilla and Potash make the blood pure and healthy.

In the Island Sea of Japan.

No man has seen the world who has not sailed through the island sea of Japan. Imagine three hundred miles of scenery far surpassing Lake George; still the water often almost entirely land-locked, mountains rising from the water's edge, green and tree-covered; islands cultivated in terraces; fishing villages nestled on the green shore or back among the trees every where but on the most barren mountains, whose ribs defy flesh, a most tropical greenness, mountains far away, hidden by morning cloud, veiled with the forenoon mist, blue in the noon's distance, and falling in the twilight; tropical sunsets tinted with a delicacy of color and tint that will ever defy the greatest artist to copy; sky, mountains, water, all changing as on you sail; old volcanoes of any height from two to six thousand feet; hillsides flecked with sunlight staying through the clinging clouds; junks, with their great, huge, unwieldy-looking sterns, and great mat-sails hanging idly on their single masts; natives putting their olive faces out of pink windows, or thronging on the decks to see the nine-years' wonder—a steamship ploughing through their beautiful lakes; clouds, without which mountain scenery is only half finished; climate delightful; temples and palaces; forts battered down, and forts battered; mossy lawns between the mountains' foot and sea; bays crisscrossed with junks at anchor; but mountains—always mountains, of every shape and color; hills like the chalk-hills of Old England, hills like the sandstone of the Connecticut, hills like the rounded coast hills of Massachusetts and hills ridged and gabbled like the Sierras—are all in profusion. Take your choice of beauty shouldered up from the ocean depths into the sunlight. Fancy Lake George and Champlain scenery for two hundred and fifty miles, and you have the nearest simile, though inadequate to express it. My English friend, in admiration, exclaims, as we round a point, and find a narrow exit from an apparently land-locked bay: "Where's your Lake George now?"

The water turns green, the shores narrow down the entrance to a few cable lengths. Nearer ahead is a reef of rocks, leaving only two cables for our passage, and through this we must pass. The tide is rushing as along towards the danger. We have come seven miles in twenty-five minutes, railroad speed. Our safety is in our speed, and all the pressure bottled up in the boiler for an hour back is given to the engine now.

The reef that was so far ahead three minutes ago is on our beam. Seething waters rush over the sunken rocks abreast. We dart through the narrow passage left, and are at the beginning of the worst whirlpool on the coast, if not in the world. Every body been has screwing up his courage for it, but it is no wonder our faces blanch a little when we are once in without return; we must go through this whirling tide, capped with white foam from the mad dening rocks below. The captain gives the orders from the bridge, in a steady, but excited voice, and you feel that promptness and the steering qualities of the ship are her only salvation. Little cares he for the native pilot in this wild, tortuous water; he'll take care and far worse than the rapids of the St. Lawrence. Now the ship strikes the outer-crust of the whirlpool. "Port! Hard a-port!" and the echoes, as it is passed forward, thunder "Port! Hard a-port!"

The three men at the wheel, and the rudder, almost immovable against the force of water aft, slowly obey. Little hope for the ship now were the steering apparatus to be at fault for a second. She careens heavily to the starboard, the wheels make their ten revolutions, "doing all they know," and slowly the ship, getting wholly into the whirl, when stern and bow drift equally to port, answered her rider, and her nose is again for the center of the pool. And now she enters the comparatively still water of the centre. The buoyant native boats yonder turn out their crews, they hold up their arms and utter a yell of alarm. They never saw a ship take this passage before. They will tell to their children and grandchildren, as they stroll herring with pink knots, and spear heads over the side. "Now be very careful," and the mate answers: "Ay, ay, sir," and we are in the outer whirl again. "Hard a-starboard!" and the echoes answer, and the noble ship—you feel like patting her and saying: "Good fellow! good fellow!"—answers: "Good fellow! good fellow!"—and, fairly in the current, we are carried like a child in its mother's arms. . . . It was a scene of awful and never to be forgotten peril, but the moral of the remembrance is, that they know how to steer in Japan about as well as in Old or New England—Traveler.

Not a Pleasant Story.

A Washington dispatch says the United States Senate, in its last executive session, consummated one of the grossest outrages upon West Point and the army which it has perpetrated at the present session. A cadet, who was about to be found deficient a short time since, resigned to escape the disgrace. He at once, through social influence exerted there, secured a nomination from the President as Second Lieutenant. The Senate had full knowledge of the case, and still confirmed him. As a result the young man, who could not maintain himself as a cadet, takes rank in the army two years ahead of those cadets whom he left in his own class to struggle through their course.

"Fine birds make fine feathers," and Wilder's Sarsaparilla and Potash make the blood pure and healthy.

Farmer Jones' Wise Sayings.

Sweet makes good mortar. No one ever sees his own fault. Idleness is the root of all evil. Silk and velvet put out the fire. Ill-gotten goods seldom prosper. The wise drunkard is a sober fool. No one betrays himself by silence. He is rich enough who is contented. Lying is the first step to the gallows. One must plow with the horse one has.

He who grasps at all holds nothing fast. Intemperance is the doctor's wet nurse. When the fox preaches look to the geese. Truth gives a short answer, lies go round about. Our neighbor's children are always the worst of the family.

It is a bad hen that lays in neighbor's houses. Locks and keys are not made for honest fingers. Don't carry your head too high, the door is low. What does the moon care if the dogs lay at her? Love your neighbor, but don't pull down the fence. A close mouth and open eye never did any one harm. He who lends to the poor gets his interest from God. To spend much and gain little is the sure road to ruin. He who lies on the ground must expect to be trodden on. Speaking comes by nature, silence by understanding. He who needs not the lost shoe-nail will soon lose the horse. What is the use of running when we are not on the right road? He who sleeps alone keeps long cold; two soon warm each other. It is not till the cow has lost her tail that she discovers its value. "Great ear and little wool," said the tool, when he sheared the pig. Woman's beauty, the forest echo and rainbows soon pass away. The miller's lean and widower's maid, of want need never be afraid. That usury is a sin some hold, but take for granted they're no goat. Mares are caught with hounds, fools with praise, and women with gold. He who buys what he don't want, will soon sell what he does want.

Fuel of Large Steamers.

An English contemporary, in replying to a correspondent who asks how many tons of coal large steamship consumes in a day, quotes the following facts from a pamphlet entitled "Bottled Sunshine," issued by T. B. Purnell & Sons, of Exeter: "Ocean steamers are large consumers of coal. The Orient line, with their fleet of ships running to Australia every two weeks, may be mentioned. The steamship Austral went from London to Sydney in thirty-five days, and consumed on the voyage 3,641 tons of coal; her coal bunkers held 2,750 tons. The steamship Oregon consumes over 330 tons per day on her passage from Liverpool to New York; her bunkers will hold nearly 4,000 tons. The Sterling Castle, a ship brought home in one cargo 2,300 tons of tea, and consumed 2,800 tons of coal in doing so. Immense stocks of coal are kept at various coaling stations, St. Vincent, Madeira Port, Said, Singapore, and others; the reserve at the latter place is about 20,000 tons. It is remarkable with what rapidity these steamers are coaled; for instance, the Orient steamship last year took in over 1,100 tons at Port Said in five hours."

A Perfect Model.

A painter, one passionately fond of his art, had undertaken to portray Milo of Crotona at the moment when the famous athlete is making frantic efforts to free himself from the giant oak in which his hands have been caught while endeavoring to rend it in twain. He had engaged a market porter as his model. Tall and strong, in stature and sinew like a Hercules, he was a treasure of a model. Still, the artist is not satisfied; there is not sufficient sentiment or expression in his pose; in vain he is told to try to imitate the struggles of the original; his struggles are unmanly, and lack energy. The painter hits upon a plan. Tying with a rope both arms of the model securely to a heavy piece of furniture, he says, "Wait here, my man, I shall be back in a minute," and he soon afterwards came running in out of breath, and followed by a large butcher's dog, which he began to set at the man's bare legs. The latter made desperate efforts to drive off the dog and to vent his rage on his employer. "That's it! that's it!" was the exclamation of the delighted painter, taking up his brush, "that's Milo to perfection—bist, bist, bite him!" and while the dog was snapping, and the man struggling to get away, the artist joyfully went on with his task.—Celanor.

Infamous Louisiana Lottery.

(Farm and Fireside.)

Next to the defence shown the wisest power and Mormonism, there is now no darker blot upon our government than its toleration of the infamous State lottery of Louisiana. Conducted under the management of two of the ex-generals of the Confederate army, that legalized den of thieves flaunts its brazen inquiry in the face of the people, defying law and Christianity alike, and annually robbing thousands of poor, ignorant dupes of their toil-earned savings.

ADVERTISING RATES

Position	First	Second	Third	Fourth	Fifth	Sixth	Seventh	Eighth	Ninth	Tenth
One	\$1.00	.80	.60	.40	.30	.20	.15	.10	.08	.05
Two	.80	.60	.40	.30	.20	.15	.10	.08	.05	.03
Three	.60	.40	.30	.20	.15	.10	.08	.05	.03	.02
Four	.40	.30	.20	.15	.10	.08	.05	.03	.02	.01
Five	.30	.20	.15	.10	.08	.05	.03	.02	.01	.00
Six	.20	.15	.10	.08	.05	.03	.02	.01	.00	.00
Seven	.15	.10	.08	.05	.03	.02	.01	.00	.00	.00
Eight	.10	.08	.05	.03	.02	.01	.00	.00	.00	.00
Nine	.08	.05	.03	.02	.01	.00	.00	.00	.00	.00
Ten	.05	.03	.02	.01	.00	.00	.00	.00	.00	.00

For a shorter time at proportionate rate. One inch of space constitutes square.

A QUESTION ABOUT

Brown's Iron Bitters

ANSWERED.